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J. F. Como
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J. F. COMO

CHRISTABEL
AND
OTHER POEMS

By J. F. Como

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No. 1.

THIS LITTLE BOOK

IS DEDICATED TO

Miss Loretta McNally

CHRISTABEL

Low in the west the sinking sun
Told that the summer's day was done;
While in the quiet evening air
A thousand birds were singing fair,
Holding spell bound the human heart
That listened to the heavenly art.
Peace reigned above, yet in one soul
A love there lived beyond control
That gently swayed a human breast
Which seemed at peace yet could not rest;
Fair Christabel, a lovely maid,
Along the ocean's margin strayed
With eyes set on the distant sea
That slept as calm as sleep could be,

While at her back a stately wood
In Nature's grandest splendor stood.
"O waters calm, ye birds so fair
That wing with joy the pleasant air,
I know that all are happy. I
Should be as free, nor let a sigh
Escape me if my lover's hand
Were now but holding mine. This land,
This sea, this air, these woods around
Would then be quite celestial ground,
As joy and happiness would grace
His eyes divine, content, my face."
She once more o'er the waters gazed,
And lo, a boat the liquid glazed,
Sped on, in easy flight, to reach,
That rocky, famed New England beach

Where she was waiting with a love
Whose depth was known by only, those above.
She gazed a moment, then she knew
It was the man whose smile was ever new.
O how her bosom sank and swell'd
As on his form her fancy dwell'd
His face, though it could not be seen,
She knew was calm and quite serene;
And in his eye, that heavenly eye,
There lived a power to make her die,
Or make celestial transport glow
Which lovers hearts alone may know.
Then to the forest tall and green
The maiden bent her steps serene.
And when she to the forest came
She backward glanc'd, repeating his name;

Then blushing maidenly she fled
Behind the curtains Nature Spread.
But now the boat has reached the shore
And Freeman treads where he must tread no more,
Beholding sights of lustrous grace
In Nature's happy smiling face,
Praising each songbird's tuneful note,
Admiring each flower's velvet coat,
Or talking in a language low
To rippling streams that knew no woe.
Then to enjoy the closing day
Along the seaside did he stray,
Oft gazing o'er the quiet sea
As if to solve some mystery.
Then walking to the forest side
He inly mused. His future bride

Beheld the blooming lines of pride
And noble birth that marked his face
And gave unto his eyes an added grace.
"O that I had her by my side,
My Christabel, my fair young bride."
He ceased: fair Christabel appeared
Beyond the forest stately reared,
And though the setting sun revealed
A scene of beauty unconcealed
The fairest thing there to be seen
Was Christabel, in form a queen.
For never woman graced this earth
Whose name could claim a nobler birth.
"Star of my life," thus he did say,
As thru his eyes his love did shine.
"Of all that I have seen today

Thou art the one I think divine."
"Star of my life", thus she began,
"Thou'rt more to me than mortal man,
Though there are mortals on this earth
Who well may claim a heavenly birth.
If ever God was glorified
By those we mortals justly pride,
He has been glorified by thee,
Thou who hast been so much to me."
And then what followed would be wrong
For poet to relate in song,
Save that the lovely Christabel
Did promise she would be his bride
And live with him in some fair dell
Away from city life and pride.
Their hopes were brighter than the star

That gleamed above the western bar
To tell the world (and lovers, too)
That sable light would claim its due.
But now the darkening shades of even
Enveloped half of earth and heaven,
So that the lovers had to part
With joy and sorrow in each heart.
But oh, they little knew how near
The form of death was hovering here:
That e'er the morning sun would rise
Upon it's journey thru the skies
What now was but a peaceful wave
Would be some luckless sailor's grave.

Part The Second

Now while the night, light's brother king;
Did o'er the earth his garment fling,

The sceptered monarch of the sea
Bade the strong eastern wind go free,
With strong determined breath to sweep
The vast plains of the Atlantic deep.
The wind obeyed and o'er the sea
It flew, rejoicing it was free.
At first it flew in gentle flight
And stirred the tresses of the night,
But soon the sleeping billows felt
The blow each wing so sternly dealt,
And rose, with lightning round its breast
To avenge a lost and needed rest.
It's bosom heaved, and mountain high
The waves redoubled to the sky,
And soon across the sleeping main
Did rage a mighty hurricane.

Mark Freeman on the sounding shore
Stood listening to the ocean's roar,
A troubled and impatient soul
Which sank to see the water's roll;
For o'er the ocean's stormy wave
His father was to come that day.
The burning thot came to his heart
And pierced his soul with many a dart
While fear, the form that makes men weak
Gave color to his lips and cheek.

At last he left the ocean's shore
Unable to endure its roar;
For oft he thot he heard a cry,
Which, moaning in the water's sigh
Sounded as if the watery deep
Did, in its pain and sorrow, weep

For all the evil it had done
To Eden's mortal, wayward son,
The storm increased and mountain high
The waves redoubled to the sky
Assuming strange, demoniac forms
Who laugh to scorn the rage of storms
As dancing, awful, grim and black
They rode upon the tempest's back;
The monster waves, great Neptunes pride,
From crest to crest were valley-wide;
And when the ocean yawned it seemed
That awful Death in terror gleamed
Telling the sailors, strong and brave,
That they could find a sailor's grave
Beneath each black, portentious wave.
Black rocks from out the watery deep

Did o'er the ocean's bosom sweep,
And seemed to laugh, in awful play,
As if they held grim Death in sway:
The blackened clouds in terror sank
As on the scene their eyesight drank,
And wept to think of all the woe,
Which man must meet in such a foe.
Now on the stormy, seething sea
A vessel rode in agony,
Without a sail, without a mast,
With all its former courage past;
For never ship that rode the main
Could live in such a hurricane.
Helpless the care-worn sailors clung
Upon the ropes that loosely swung,
And only God in Heaven could save

Those sailors from a watery grave.
The captain, Freeman's father, stood
Upon the deck and faced the flood,
While o'er, about, and round him fell
The ocean's waves as fire in hell
Envelops all that therein dwell.
In vain the captain strove to calm
Their hearts by word of mouth or sign of palm
For each man knew, in frenzied fear,
That awful Death was hovering near;
And each ill-fated sailor pray'd
To God in Heaven for His aid.
Mark Freeman's father, pale and weak
Thus inly to himself did speak:
"Thus ends my long, sea beaten life
Beneath the sea which I did wife:

Tis not the stamp of Death I dread,
Nor do I fear a watery bed,
But O! it is the thought that I
So near my hearth and home must die.
So is it now! my evening sun
I hoped would be a glorious one;
But no! the home that's dear to me
Now only mocks my misery!"
Then to the shore he fixed his sight
And saw a flickering, mocking light,
Whose beams fell deep into his soul
As o'er the angry waves they stole.
He turn'd his face; a mighty rock
Loom'd up in front, his pain to mock,
While heedlessly the ship did loom
Against it and received its doom;

Then from the heart of Freeman's sire
Spontaneous words were give fire:
"O mighty Father," (thus he pray'd),
"I place my soul, which Thou hast made
Into thy Hands so pure and white,
And trust it in Thy merciful might!
Forgive me, Father, if my soul
To Thee seems dark, ungrateful foul!—
My life ungrateful, dark, has been
A life of crime and deadly sin,
But Father, do not let me die
As I have lived! In years gone by
I little thot the truth of all
The words that from thy priests did fall!
I know it now! I know it now!
And how that knowledge stamps my brow!

He ceased in sorrow, well he knew
What God has said shall e'er come true.
"Be careful how thy years flit by;
For as you live so shall you die!"
Meanwhile, upon the sounding shore
A throng of sturdy men did pour
To aid, if aid could given be,
The sailors on the surging sea.
Mark Freeman too, was there and prayed
To God for strength that he may aid
A father on a stormy main
That made the very thot of rescue vain,
For it seem'd hopeless (e'en despair)
For any boat to weather there.
Mark Freeman, marking sea and sky,
Resolved to gain his end or die;

And leaped, with angry, nervous leap,
Into a boat and faced the deep.
In vain he strove! the mighty sea
Mark Freeman! proved its strength to thee: ,
It hurled thee on the rocky shore
And braved thy heart to face it more!
Mark Freeman, dazed, defeated, rose
And braved again the ocean's woes,
But friends detained him. Vainly he
Did plea of them his liberty:
"O friends! O friends!" (thus Freeman prayed)
Give me! give me your needed aid!
I have a father on the sea
Who waits, but O! in vain for me!
If all here have a heart of stone,
Then let me! let me! go alone

To perish by my father's side,
Who never help to me denied!"
"O Freeman," thus a sailor said,
"If thou attempts it thou are dead;
For in my years, now twice two-score,
I ne'er beheld such a storm before.
Ah! look upon 't! the sight will make
Thy heart in awful fear to quake!"
Undaunted, Freeman begg'd again
For some one's aid, but ask'd in vain·
For every man confess'd despair
When on the sea he cast his eye
Deep hollow'd by a nervous care
To know that friends so near must die.
Mark Freeman faced the raging main
And heard a cry that gave him pain;

But who? but who would lend him aid
To ride the waves that now display'd
Faint lurid lights? A form divine
Appeared beyond the sailor line
And offered aid. Fair Christabel
Prompted by love divine and true,
Had left the home she loved so well
To follow Freeman o'er the waves,
Which showed a thousand horrid graves—
Mark Freeman knew her. From his heart
The sense of pride did then depart,
While from his eye a falling tear
Fell on her hand so sweet and dear.
He kiss'd her loving, maiden cheek
While softly sadly he did speak:
"O holy maid! O holy maid!

No tongue has asked of thee such aid!
Though now I see thy maiden love
Has something of the stamp above
In Heaven, Maiden, do not brave
This sea that must become your grave;
For I cannot endure to see
Thy meekness share my misery!"
"O Mark," (the maiden thus replies)
While happiness stood in her eyes)
"Where e'er thou goest I shall go,
And share thy happiness or woe;
For Mark, since thou hast won me I
Shall live with thee, or with thee die!"
She said no more; but by his side
She faced the milk-white, angry tide,
Entrusting to her God above

Herself and him she'd die to love;
While Freeman did for courage pray
From God, who saw all things that day.
Mark Freeman worked with mighty strength,
And at each stroke three cubits length
Of angry waves were covered o'er,
And soon they faded from the shore.
They neared the vessel: Freeman turned
(For fear within his bosom burned)
To Christabel: could she withhold
The fury of the waters cold?
How could her form, so weak and fair,
Stand out against the ocean's ire."
He looked upon her azure face
And knew he then would win the race:
As though an angel, sent from Heaven,

His aid to Christabel had given,
And labored still beside her form
Commanding boat and sea, and storm,
And now they near'd the rock, whereon
The raging sea the ship had thrown
To an ill-fated vessel's doom
That must become each sailor's tomb.
The rock they pass'd; then in the sea
Mark Freeman, bravely, nervously
The anchor cast, it held them fast
Though every moment seemed to be its last.
Now on this ship ,twice twenty two
Totaled the number of the crew;
Yet in the boat but twenty-three
Could safely ride on such a sea;
And when a rope, from th' vessels side

Was hurl'd above the seething tide
Twenty-one sailors, sorted out,
By Freeman's father, gave a shout
And plunged into the seething sea
Which held the rope of destiny.
Mark Freeman, who had caught the line
Gave aid to all with arm and sign.
Till all were on the rescue boat,
That on the threatening sea did float
As swims the deer against the tide
With hound or wolf close at its side,
Mark Freeman saw his father stand
Upon the deck with directing hand
Commanding him to pull the oar
And put out for the distant shore.
The son obeyed the hoary sire,

But cast one look ('t was his desire)
Upon his father, who now stood
The stateliest of a stately wood.
Mark Freeman dropped a loving tear,
And sighed to think that one so dear
Must be the last to get his aid.
'T was all; no longer he delayed
But drew the anchor from the deep,
Then plied the oars with mighty sweep,
Till safely, bravely, they did reach
The anxious, welcome, rocky beach,
Where all, save Freeman and the maid,
Alighted on the sounding shore,
Where father, mother, children paid
The loving rites of love once more.
Once more they ploughed the watery main,

And reached the vessel's side again,
Where twenty-three weak sailors clung
Upon the ropes the wind now flung
Across the ship, from side to side,
Again the sailors stemm'd the tide
And gained the boat, where Christabel,
A holy figure, baffled hell
By aiding all. The weakened crew
Had all now left the ship, save two:
Mark Freeman's father and the mate
Were left alone; they choosed to wait,
For only twenty three could ride
In safety o'er the threatening tide.
    Mark Freeman saw, and in his heart
Despair shot many a stinging dart;
For well he knew that human strength,

However strong, must fall at length,
That if he braved the waves again
His failing strength must prove in vain.
So driven by despair he raised
His voice above the shrieking storm;
"O father! father! save, O save,
Thy body from a watery grave
While yet the voice of Hope doth tell
That you may conquer yet o'er hell!
O father! since both you and I
Are doom'd by God one day to die
Let me, (who sees no hope to live
If thou tonight thy dying breath must give)
This woeful night sink 'neath the wave,
There to possess an untimely grave,
O let me stand where thou dost stand,

And change they Death-hued place with mine!"
He ceased: the father waved his hand,
While with the other drew the line
Which Freeman held. Mark understood
And gave the sign to ride the flood.
His heart was far too full to weep, ,
And mourned his father on the deep
As he would mourn the dead; and when
He backward glanced he thought again
How hard it was to know that one
So dear, a sire, must soon be gone.
The storm increased; the dangers rose
Yet o'er the main each sailor rows
With strength redoubled, till the shore,
O welcome land! is gained once more.
Each grateful sailor then embraced

Fair Christabel so lovely graced:
Each sailor shed a loving tear,
Or pressed the hand of Freeman near:
Those hearts that were made hard by the sea
Were full as soft as mother's be.
    Mark Freeman turned and faced the storm,
While in his heart the blood throbs warm
With life and filial love. Each wave,
Gigantic, insurmountably grave,
A moment fill'd his heart with fear;
And made him know the hand of death was near.
    He turned to Christabel, whose face
Told him she yet would keep her place
Beside him. In his arms her form
He gently took, while love beat warm.
They long embraced, then hand in hand

Together left their native land,
Never, O never! to return
Though aching hearts would for them yearn.
Fair Christabel, who knew that Death,
Already, claimed her maiden breath,
Turned and address'd her native shore
That she must see, O never more!
"Fair shores of my beloved Maine
Which I must never see again,
To you I bade a long farewell,
A long farewell! a long farewell!
I leave a loving mother here
To mourn me, whom she loved so dear,
While a kind father, weary now,
Must soon wear Sorrow on his brow!"
Then turning seaward she address'd

The cruel waves, in hunger dress'd:
"O mighty Sea, whom I now brave,
Give Mark and me one common grave,
And I shall sleep forever blest,
Tho thou above us both will rest!"
She said no more; but o'er the sea
With Mark she sped her dangerous way,
And soon the vessel, doom'd to die ,
Loomed up before each hollow eye.
The captain threw the rescue line,
Then with the mate leaped in the sea
Just as the ship, without a sign,
Plung'd 'neath the waves of Destiny.
Mark Freeman saw in wild despair
His one last hope prove light as air;
For then a wave ten fathoms high

Hurled boat and all against the sky,
Crushing the shell. Mark's father and the mate
Hung on a passing spar; their fate
Was doubtful till another wave
Did snatch them from a watery grave
And hurled them both upon the shore
Where near and anxious friends once more
Embraced them to their loving breasts.
    Thus was a wrecked and dying crew
Snatched from the angry deep by two,
A woman one, the other man.
And thus it ere must be; for when
Brute force alone seeks to defy
The arm of Purity it must die.
    Not so faired Freeman and his bride
Who dared with him to meet the tide

Of storm and Death; a kindly wave
Allowed to them a common grave
Where folded to each other's breast
They sleep a sleep of endless rest,
While close above them rolls the sea
Still moaning, claiming life, and free.
    Go ye, O readers to the shore
Of sounding Maine where billows roar;
There (search persistent as you may
(From early morn till closing day)
No stone doth mark the lowly bed,
(The last memorial of our loving dead),
Where friends, who claimed Mark Freeman's tears,
Have slept those last one hundred years;
Nor e'en the loved of Christabel
Can claim a stone, by which to tell

The site of that colonial town
(Its name I know not) now sunk down
To dark, inanimated clay,
Which all are doom'd to be one day.
Yet seek and you will find a race
Of honest folks, whose beaming faces
Reveal that they are happy, free,
And love to live beside the sea.
Those folks, with joyfulness, will tell
The lovely tale of Christabel,
The maiden. They will praise
Her form in simple, rustic ways,
While joy and pride will in them dwell
When they repeat the name of Christabel,
Whose faithful, pure, enduring love did save
Their ancestorial fathers from a watery grave.

SPRING'S REMEMBRANCE

I hear a song that breathes a woe
When I behold Spring's priceless art;
For it was then when long ago
My fairy Bell and I did part.

How sweetly scented was the air,
How radiant was each flower
When my first love so pure and fair
Said that it was our parting hour.

And though our steps must nevermore
Lead onward side by side
The glow of Spring will bring back to me
The face of my unwedded bride.

TO A SAILOR

If the stormy winds do blow,
Or the waves are rolling high,
Fear not, sailor, for thy Captain true,
Will not let thee die.

When the clouds close overhead
Threaten thee with death and woe,
When the lightnings flash with dread
And the sea seems death below,

Fear not, for thy Captain true
Can the stormy sea command
And that which seemed death to you
Will reveal the land.

Then when all our toils are o'er,
When the port is gained at last
Can we praise the Leader's hand
That was true and fast.

THE FIRST DAY

Dear little May, our only child,
Has started off to school today;
We feel as though our hearts would break
Though why we cannot say.

"O mama, wont 'o tiss me now?
And papa, wont 'o say doodby?"
And then we kissed her cheek and brow
While tears, sweet tears, came to each eye.

Perhaps it was because we know
Some day that kiss and she will sever;
That though our hearts will break with woe
She'll leave our home to go forever.

THE FARMER

Content and happy as he goes
Each morning in his fields,
While all the world around him glows
And peace unto the farmer yields.

Let others ply their business care,
Or teach the school to guide our young
Thine is the lot that everywhere
Is happy as the robin's song.

His is the sweat of summer heat,
The burden of the winter snow;
Yet I must call them holy feet
That tread where his shall go.

For in the sweat of honest toil,
The labor of the rolling sod
The lord of our Dakota soil
Knows that he is the blest of God.

THE REASON

I.

He was a bashful lover, Jim,
And of his sweetheart was afraid;
And though we oft encouraged him
He very little progress made.

II.

Although it's very hard to tell,
The truth of all must soon be known;
Instead of a happy wedding bell
He listens to his deep love groan.

III.

And now our Jim, too sad to smile,
Tells all how much his heart doth miss her,
Yet knows he lost her hand because
He didn't have the heart to kiss her.

A DYING SON OF FRANCE

I die on Verdun's bloody field, away
From home and all that once I held so dear;
Yet as I leave the world I bless the day
My mother bore me with a mother's fear,
For I have lived to hear my country's call,
And dying lie where I have longed to fall,
Fighting the foes of France.

My breath is growing shore: my wife and child
Will some day tend the soil where here I die;
Their tears they'll check, their hearts will not grow wild
For I shall live though in the grave I lie.
For I have won my God, o'erpowered hell
And gained eternal glory when I fell
Fighting the foes of France.

THE LOVERS

Behold them as they shyly pass
Along the crowded street,
A lover and his bonnie lass
Who friends will scarcely greet.

O how the moments glide away,
What joy is not their own!
But oh! too soon this joyous day
Will be forever gone.

For time will bring it's load of care,
And grief their souls will try,
And beauty's early bloom so fair,
Will lose its charms and die.

Yet love will perish not, but raise
The head with grief droop'd low;
For then their hearts will feel and praise
The love they did not know.

THOUGHTS

Though wind and northern blizzard blow
Across this great Dakota plain;
Though all the earth is cloth'd with snow
We know that spring will come again.

Then sweeter will the robin tell
Of all the joys that nature knows,
And lovelier will seem each dell,
And merrier each stream that flows.

Just so it is with life; we oft complain
Of trials and burdens we must bear
And little think that what is pain
Today tomorrow will seem fair.

That all our crosses were but means
By which our souls were purer made;
That, though we knew not what they meant,
They brought salvation for which we prayed.

THEIR CONVERSATION

"On what did you and Charlie talk?"
The mother asked her daughter coy.
"I'm sure you must have learned a deal
We others might perhaps enjoy."

The daughter shyly hung her head,
But finally this answer made:
"We talked of kith and kin long dead,
And homage to their memory paid."

The mother shook her head; she knew
Full well it could not be,
'Less girls had changed a great deal since
She was a maiden young and free.

"O ma, it's true," chirped little Johnnie,
As innocent he entered in;
"I heard him ask, 'give me a kith',
And sissy answer, 'yeth you kin'."

DREAMING

Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming,
Dreaming all the day,
And I know that I'll die dreaming
Dreaming my life away.

Rain or sunshine, snow or fair,
Winter days or June,
Still you'll find me dreaming,
Early morn or noon.

Though I know that dreaming
Is for night alone,
Still I must be dreaming
Dreams that are my own.

All great men have once been dreamers,
Men of wealth and fame,
So I know that dreaming robs not
Lustre from a name.

Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming,
Dreaming night and day,
And I know that I'll die dreaming,
Dreaming my life away.

SLEEP AND DEATH

The shadows fall, the shadows fall,
The happy day is o'er,
While nightly darkness covers all
And bids us toil no more.

With mind content I take my rest,
Glad that the day is done;
For I have toiled and did my best
From morn till setting sun.

With trust that happy dreams I'll dream
And find repose in sleep
I close my eyes, and soon I am
Lock'd fast in slumber deep.

God grant my dying breath may bring
Such peace of mind to me
As I have found at each day's close,
O happy sleep, in thee.

THE ETERNAL

I little knew when first we met
What love I bore to thee,
What joys my fancy would beget,
What thoughts would come to me.

But I have learned to love thee, dear,
As love ne'er loved before:
I fancy in the air I hear
The voice I do adore.

From early morn till closing day
Thy form is with me still;
For fancy, building not with clay,
Is moulder of my will.

Though sun and stars and moon may fade
And life be full of woe,
My love for thee will ne'er grow cold
But fair and sweeter grow.

Sonnet No. 1, "To A Rose"

Thou tender, smiling, loving, Nature's flower,
How like a blessed angel's wing you shine
With silent beauty, that is ever thine,
And love, that reigns above all earthly power.
No woes have made thy life a moment sour,
No hand has wronged thy spirit so divine,
No grief has pierced the bosom of your shrine,
For thou hast never known an evil hour,
Oh that my life could be as gay, ,
As free from sin and all its evil gains;
But lo! alas! no kind or welcome ray ,
Does greet my poor and yearning soul in chains;
For God has hidden from my eyes the day
When I shall stand upon more holy plains.

Sonnet No. 2, "Youth"

O morning star of life, thy song is sweet
To all who may possess thy name so free,
Or to the one in years who thinks on thee
And remembers how thy smile he oft did greet.
O leave to Age his care; but joy is thine,
Thrice blessed by Heaven's Hand. Thy liberty
Has dwelt with all by God's most just decree,
Untouched, unharmed, by Sorrow's mournful line.
But lo! thou too must from our side depart
Thy throne to be usurped by Grief and Care,
And all the glory of our youthly heart
Shall die as do the summer flowers fair;
For purest things must fall before
The fleeted flight of Time, to rise no more.

Sonnet No. 3, "The Inevitable"

Dark Death's insensible and dreaded fold
Of countless numbers shall enwrap me o'er;
The sody soil shall be my resting floor
Where worms and slimy things shall pierce my mould
No more shall then my sightless eye behold
The form of man upon this blessed shore:
My ears that were ope'd but a day before
Shall then be deaf beneath the earth so cold.
But sweet eternal Hope does speak to me,
My faith is made more firm, and I defy
The hand of Death, with all its agony,
To rob my soul from God when I do die;
For Death can but reclaim our form in dust;
The soul must go to God in Heaven's trust.

Sonnet No. 4, "To A Child"

O what content, and peace, and joy is in that eye
That ne'er till now has viewed this world so fair;
The sparkling, wandering gaze in wanton air
Comes from a brain where trouble does not lie.
This world cannot its peace to him deny
As in the swaddling clothes he resteth there
Watched by his courteous mother's sweetest care,
Or fondly pressed by friends who press him by.
But ah! how soon that peace shall fade away,
And sweet Content may rarely with him live;
The kiss that friends did tenderly repay
May turn to frost, with naught but frost to give;
For on this earth the Judas kiss lives still
Which never shall but dire deceit fulfill.

Sonnet No. 5, "On My Love"

Within my inner heart and soul she dwells
And doth illumine, with perpetual light,
The rays of love that burn both day and night,
That do recall the mellow meads and dells,
Her smile so sweet, all happiness fortells,
Her form so debonair is Beauty might;
And in her eye, Love sparkles rays so bright
That she could conquer e'en a thousand hells.
O may she live fore'er as she doth now
And be the selfsame, blushing, girlish girl,
Unstamped by sordid Sin's dark, gloomy brow,
But blest by God with faith as firm as pearl;
May centuries with bliss her heart endow
And flags of beauty still to her unfurl.

Sonnet, No. 10, "To Napoleon"

Napoleon! what woes and griefs you bore
To grace the name of Freedom, I withhold
From public eyes. The tyrant kings of old
Fell by they sword and fell forevermore,
Disgraced, dishonored, by the crimes they wore:
They tremble now, e'en in the earth so cold,
And pale to think upon thy heart so bold
That took thy name to an immortal shore.
Sleep on! thou towering king of arms, thy name
Forever lives as Genuis' mighty son,
Who fought to save a nation fallen in blame.
Stir not, O son! but gently slumber on
While men accord thee as the highest in fame
Who gained that which no man before thee won!

Sonnet No. 11, "To The Avon"

O fairy river! from they mountain dales
Bring laurel leaves and verdant flowers bright
That have been washed in dew and morning light,
And breathed the soft air of heavenly vales,
Place on their lovely petals gentle sails
That they may reach the singer's grave, alight
And deck the Poet in Death's dateless night,
Where time in vain the sleeping bard assails.
Flow gently, gentle Avon, by the feet
Of him who softly sleeping, silence keeps;
Disturb him not, but with soft kisses greet
His charmed, closed lips, which Time with silence steeps
Awake him not, but let him slumber on
Till from this earth all praising men be gone.

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